FAITH'S RECOMPENSE

stood and watched my ships go out, Each one by one, unmooring, free. That time the quiet harbor filled, With flood tide from the sea.

The first that salled, her name was Joy;
She apread a smooth, white imple salt,
And eastwar i drove, with bending spars,
Before the singing gale.

The next that salled, her name was Hope;
No cargo in her hold she bore,
Thinking to find in western lands
Of merchandise a store.

Another sailed, her name was Love;
She showed a red flug at the most.

She showed a red flag at the mast, A flag as red as blood she showed, And she sped south right fast.

The last that salled, her name was Faith; Slowly she took her passage forth, Tacked, and lay tot at the she steered A straight course for the north.

My gallant ships they salled a way, Over the signing summer see I sat and watched for many a day, But only one came back to me.

For Joy was caught by pirate Pain,
Hope ran upon a hidden reef,
And Love caught fire and founded fast
In 'whelming seas of grief.

In whelming sens of grief.

Faith came at last, storm-beat and torn She recompensed me all my loss;
For as a cargo home she brought
A crown linked to a cross.

THE BETROTHAL THE PASS:

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

The prairie schooner went slowly through the deep sand, drawn by its team of mules. By their side trudged the driver wearly, pausing now and then to wipe away the drops of perspir-ation from his forehead and to glance behind him over the long track cut by the wheels in the snow-white, alkalicovered desert. Far away to the west the great mountains lifted their heads into the clear sky, standing like sentinels guarding the approach to a promised land. Seated on the front seat of the wagon was a girl about twenty, dressed in a cotton gown, with a great sun bonnet on her head. The utter plainness of her surroundings and her apparel could not disguise her beauty, and in spite of her long ride through clouds of alkali dust, she somehow con-'Allie,' said the man at last, 'we'll

get there 'bout five, I reckon.' 'I hope so, father, 'cause the animals are 'bout worn out, an' I expect you ain't so peart as you might be.'

'That ar's a fact. This yer's bin the hardest day yet, 'cording to my way of looking at it.'

Never mind, daddy, it'll all be right when we get once across the mountains. What's that? Over yonder, I mean; pointing, as she spoke, to the figure of a horse and his rider just on top of one of the small hills.

The man took a long look, and then 'It's a white man, I think, and he's

comin' this way. Allie, reach me down my rife off'n them hooks.'

The girl did as she was told, and the father examined the weapon to see that it was all right. Then placing it on his shoulder he trudged along once more. The solitary rider approached the wagon much faster than they had at first shought he would and in shout at first thought he would, and in about twenty minutes he was close enough to

'Hol' on, stranger!' sung out the old

'My name's James Burton, and I'm a scout and mountain man. What's yours, an' whar did you come from?' Was the reply, in frank, clear tones, as the stranger drew his horse to a stop.

'I'm John Duncan, late of Pike county, an' bound for Californy. This yer's

my daughter Allie.'
Burton bowed soraewhat awkwardly
in response to the blunt introduction. and seeing the old man drop his rifle into the hollow of his arm, rode forward. Strangers, when you are once assured of their good faith, are far too seldom met with in the desert to per-mit of all parties being anything but cordial. In half an hour after Burton had joined old Duncan and his daughter, to hear them talk one would have supposed they were old friends. An eager interchange of news between them resulted, by the time they reached the water hole, in making each one acquainted with the history of the other. When they camped for the night the young man assisted the elder in releasing the mules from their heavy harness, and in gathering fuel from the scanty greasewood bushes for the fire. He cut the bacon in slices for Alice to fry, and contributed as his share of the supper a leg of venison he had hanging from his saddle, having shot the deer to which it had belonged, as he told the girl, the day before, in the park, as all small valleys walled in by mountains are called in the west. After supper the two men say by the fire, smoking and talking, and when the girl climbed into her bed in the wagon, and the men had rolled themselves up in their blankets and lain on the ground, she could hear the hum of their voices until she

The next day they started out bright The next day they started out bright and early, and by night had reached the foot of the long ascent which led to the pass through the mountains. The day following this they, by nightfall, had got into the pass itself. Here, at the base of an enormous peak, they camped. By this time young Burton and Alice Duncan had become very intimate. He thought her one of the most delightful and fascinating girls he most delightful and fascinating girls he ever saw, and she had come to the conclusion that she had never met quite so splendid a man. That evening after supper the old man assounced that he was very tired and proposed to turn in

Burton and the girl made up their minds to sit up for a white and talk. Soon the long-drawn snores of the sleeper told them that they were prac-tically alone, and the conversation be-

tween them became interspersed with to the ground with a moan of pain. At longer and longer pauses.

'Allie,' said Jim; and pause 'Yes, said Alice, timidly.

'It seems to me as how—at least I mean that—Do you know—it's pesky hard elimbin' thro' this yer pass.' 'Is it?' said Alice in a singularly em-

barrassed tone. 'Yes,' continued Jim. 'It's kinder tough. An' it's sorter dangerous, too. Road-agents round here, you know.'
There was a pause, and then Alice said:

'Ob!' Jim cleared his throat vigorously. 'Don't you kinder think I could sorter, as it were-well, you know what I

'Not very well, Mr. Burton.'
'No? Well, I don't wonder much. What I mean is: Don't you think—at least couldn't I—Alice, I love you!' he broke out in desperation. 'Will you

love me?'
The question was asked at last, and as Jim turned eagerly toward the girl to hear her answer, he got one look in her eyes by the bright moonlight. Whatever he saw there, it was sufficient to tell him all he wanted to know with-

drew her towards him.

Just at that moment the deep growl from the great yellow dog belonging to old man Duncau startled the lovers. Jim hastily kissed the girl, and then re-leasing her, stretched his hand out for

out any words. He took her hand and

What is it, Alice? he asked, in low tone.

'I don't know. Bose sees or scents something. The dog had risen and walked to the

end of the wagon, where he stood look-ing down the trail. 'Hadn't you better wake your father,

Allie?' said Jim. . .
'No. If it's anything, Bose will do As she spoke the dog turned to where

Duncan was lying, and seizing his shoulder, shook him. The old man sat up in a moment. What is it, Burton? he asked.

'I don't know yet,' responded Jim. The dog sees something, but I have not myself seen or heard—'

'Sh! Listen!' whispered Alice.
'Horses,' said Jim, after a pause.
'An' shod, teo,' he added, as a clink of

metal upon stone struck his ear. Duncan got up hastily and took his rifle. With a movement of his foot he scattered the fire, and the two men then crept forward a few yards to where the trail took a sharp turn. Here, looking around the edge of the rock, they saw a party of five men riding slowly up toward them. The wide sombreros, the leggins with bright silver buttons down the sides, the short ver buttons down the sides, the short jackets with the glistening gold onzas in place of buttons, told the watchers that a party of Mexicans were before them. Duncan gazed long at the leader, or rather at the horse he rode. The moonlight was bright enough to enable him to see as if it were day, and he watched the horse—a coal-black with a white star on the forehead and four white feet. The turned to Burton four white feet—he turned to Burton and said: 'That's Jose Gonzalez.'

Not a man lived upon the border in those days but what had heard of Jose Gonzales, the Mexican bandit. A man who seemed to revel in bloodshed and crime; who never spared man, woman or child; who had committed more man. 'Who are you, an' what's your murders than he was months old; for whose head there were rewards offered in four or five places, his own state, Chihuahua, in Northern Mexico, being

When Jim recognized him, or rather his famous horse, he felt that thrill which all brave men feel when brought face to face before a great danger.

'What'll we de, Jim?' asked Duncan, in a whisper.

'We kin shoot him from here; they'll be in range in a minute or two : or we can go back an' hide, an' trust to luck. They may not see us.'

'Guess we better shoot. There's Allie, 'I know; but they may pass an' not

'All right. We'll hide then.'

No sooner said than the two men went back to the wagon. While they were away, Alice had put out the sticks from the fire. The wagon had been drawn up close to the rock, and, was fortunately, in the deep shadow. As is always the case with moonlight in the mountains, the shadows are as deep as the blackest night. Jim drove mules and his horse into a little rift in the rocks in which they could stand, and then placing Alice behind a bowl-der, he took his station at one end of the wagon while Duncan stood at the other.

The waiting men could hear the Mexicans coming up the trail, one of them singing a Spanish love song. they rounded the corner from wh which the two had seen them, Jim braced himself for the possible fight. Nearer and nearer came Jose, riding in front, and the two men in the shadow fairly held their breath as he passed. Following him came his four men. All had passed in safety, except one, when one of the mules in the rift squealed. The bandits stopped instantly, and as they did so Duncan saw two of them in line in the moonlight. To level his rifle and fire was the work of a second, and the two Mexicans fell from their horses, one shot through the breast and the other with his head torn fairly open by the passing bullet. A second after, Burton, the younger man, fired and another of the bandits fell. Jose and his remaining follower threw themselves from their horses and took refuge behind some large stones. They were at a terrible disadvantage, for about the house. When she had taken while they were in the bright light the second bottle she was able to take their enemies were in the shadow. For all that Jose fired in the direction of the neighbor's, and has improved all the the first shot he had seen, and as Duncan time since. My wife and children also had not taken the precaution of mov-ing as soon as he shot, the bullet from use. W. B. HATHAWAY

that moment Jose's companion raised his head over the rock, and Jim fired, ending that Mexican's troubles forever. This left Jose and Jim, each unburt and each one thoroughly trained in all of the expedients of the border warfare, Once more Jose tried firing at the place where he had last seen the flash of a rifle, but as Jim had moved instantly, he only succeeded in sending a bullet through the wagon. As he fired, Jim shot at him, but only succeeded in wounding him in the shoulder. Then there was a long pause, each one try-ing to see the other without himself being seen. At last Jim, slowly and quietly, worked his way up the trail to a point where he could see behind the a point where he could see behind the rock where Jose was. Gazing carefully, he saw the Mexican's legs only, and aiming, fired. The ball struck the bandit in the hip, wounding him, as it afterward turned out, fatally. Then, for the first time, Jim felt at liberty to look after the old man.

Going to where he was, he found him lying in a pool of blood, insensible. Ralaing him in his arms he carried him to where the girl had been placed, and hastily telling her what was the matter. left Duncan there and went after a canteen of water. Calling the dog, he made him lie down in front of the wagon, as he knew that any attempt on Jose's part to attack them would be

noticed by Bose.

Returning to Duncan and Alice, he found the old man had regained consciousness. Giving the water to Alice, Jim made a fire, by the light of which he began to examine the wounded man. Duncan had been shot through the right breast, and he was evidently bleeding internally. He could not speak, but when Jim examined the wound the old man shook his head, showing his own perfect knowledge of his desperate case. Then he looked anxiously from Alice to Jim. 'It's a bad wound, old man,' said

Jim. Duncan nodded impatiently and looked again at Alice. 'I told her to-night afore this thing begun,' said Jim, answering the look, 'that I loved her, an' if she'll have me, an' ! reckon she will, I'm goin' to marry her fust chance I get.

The old man looked at his daughter inquiringly, and she, putting her head down on his shoulder, said: "Yes, father.'

The expression of Duncan's face changed to one of intense satisfaction. Then feebly he took Alice's hand in his, and with the other reached out for Jim's. Jim gave him his hand at once, and the old man joined the two. Then laying a hand on the girl's bowed head, he looked first at one then the other. Then

be fell back—dead.

Before leaving the spot the next morning Jim went to where Jose had hidden. Here he found the Mexican had bled to death from his wounds. It took Jim about two hours to bury the men, and then he dug a grave at the foot of the rock, in which he placed the body of the old man, cutting in the stone his name.

Placing the weeping girl in the wagon he once more started the males up, and two days afterward reached Fort Kearney. Here the chaplain made Jim and Alice husband and wife, nor did she ever have cause to regret her choice.

Photography in Deciding Races

The "dead heat" in which the French judges not being able to determine which of the horses first passed them, draws from an English writer of reputation the proposition to use photography for determining their relative positions at the end of the race. "By means of a single thread stretched across the track, and invisible to either herses or their riders, twenty photographic camera," he says, "lave been made to record synchronously positions impossible for the eye to recognize." The suggestion seems to be practicable as a means of setting at rest any disputed question as to the relative positions of the competing horses when ocular judgment is at fault. With the aid of photography astrono mers pursue the most complex investigations as to the relative positions of moving bodies, and there is no reason why the camera could not easily be made to record unerringly the winner of what might otherwise be an undecided race. This writer ventures the prediction that in the near future photography will be invoked for this purpose in all important races.

For the five years ended last year there were found in the River Thames at London, 1886 human bodies.

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LIVE AND LEARN.

Experience is a great teacher, and the longer we live the greater experience we gain. Should you be a traveler, the eye will be daily taking in variety of scene, and the mind will be storing up knewledge grined by observation. The same applies to those who may never have been twenty talles away from the village where they were born, they have gained by experience much useful knowledge, even in their limited sphere of existence, which time and observation alone could instil into their ninds. Like the little child, who got its fingers burnt by playing with the fire, and whose experience taught it to avoid fire ever afterwards for its own welfare and happiness, we all live and learn. The great secret is to take advantage of the knowledge we gain, and put it to a useful purpose. Unfortunately there are many who miss at the substance and grasp at the shadow; there are others again, however, who take a vantage of knowledge gained, and put it to a practical use. In this category are those who have ever used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, whether for Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Rheumatism, Neuraigia and other aliments. Experience has taught them it never fails in any case and they fir to it again with a confidence that

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cellent pictures have won for him throughout the state the reputation of producing the finest photographs in the city of De'roit, is about to remove from his present location to his new and elegant gallery No. 236 Woodward Avenue, which property be recerbly purchased and altered at a large expense to meet all the requirements his extensive business demands as, Watson has attained the highest art in photography, making a specialty of fine work. Among the many excellent pictures he exhibits are some life-sized photographs, the largest ever taken in the West. Mr. Watson is at present the only photographer in the state producing this large style of picture. He is particularly successful in securing bright pictures of children, and his productions in general are equal to the best in the country. We advise those festing a fine and life-like picture to delay until they can visit J. E. Watson's gallery, where they are invited to call and see his fine art exhibition, No. 236 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Mich. remove from his present location to his new

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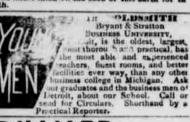
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